THE ABBOT CIRCLE

1917

LIBRARY
—OF—
ABBOT ACADEMY
No. .....

The Abbot Circle

ABBOT ACADEMY

ANDOVER MASSACHUSETTS

1917

Senior Marching Song

Shoulder to shoulder march the Seniors,
Eyes right ahead and heads held high.
Hearts all united, loyal, steady,
That's how the Senior class goes by.
They are the girls who know the way
To make the most of every day.
Never a care nor a fear have they,
Helping the world along.

Here's to the Seniors where e'er you find them,
Steadfast of heart and strong of hand.
Here's to the love and fame that makes them
Abbot girls throughout the land.

Bertha Bailey

The Class of Nineteen Seventeen dedicates
this book of the Abbot Circle to

BERTHA BAILEY

for her loyal devotion and untiring efforts
for the advancement of the School.

SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

ELIZABETH BACON, *President*
CATHARINE YEAKLE, *Vice-President*
DORIS EMERY, *Secretary*
JANET DAVIS, *Treasurer*

LUCY ATWOOD — Bangor, Maine

Smiling Lucy from Bangor, Maine, sums up this fair dame. We must not, however, neglect her literary ability shown by the play, written by her, which was given at school. To fully appreciate her you must hear her talk, especially in recreation time.

Class Secretary '16 — Senior Mid. Play
Courant '17

ELIZABETH BACON — Albany, N. Y.

Our dignified Betty, always happy, always good-natured, an enthusiastic member of the Athletic Society. The girl whose name always appears on the honor roll and who guards our interest with her usual care and thoughtfulness. Last but not least she is always ready for a good time.

Class Vice-President '16 — Class President, '17
Senior Play — Student Council, '16, '17
Class Book Board, '16, '17 — Northfield Delegate

MIRIAM BACON — Newton Centre, Mass.

To Miriam we can always turn as the helping hand. Stamps and stationery are her strong line. Her new sweater shows her accomplishment and hobby as well as her loyalty to dear old Williams. In Miriam we know a girl with a cheery disposition and an ever ready smile.

HARRIET BALFE — Newburgh, N. Y.

She is quite a part of the school, having been here four years. A lover of all kinds of jokes and always having one on hand, Harriet enjoys life to the utmost. She believes hair-combing is a good habit and the song and dance never lose out as far as Balfie is concerned. Her bright, sunny disposition is known all through school.

Fidelio '16, '17 — Glee Club '16, '17
"A" Society — Senior Play
Northfield Delegate

DOROTHY BAXTER — Mansfield, Ohio

Although she has never said so we may easily believe that her sole reason for coming to Abbot was to satisfy her unquenchable thirst for knowledge. In the future Dot expects to study art and judging from the artistic ability she has shown she has chosen rightly. Any time spent with her is sure to prove interesting for she is well informed on many subjects.

Class Book Board

CARITA BIGELOW — Andover, Mass.

Carita's accomplishments are in many lines, although she scorns all athletics. Isn't walking to and from school exercise enough for one day? Always laughing gaily over languages, mathematics, and sciences, when less gifted mortals have groaned over them — this is Carita.

Fidelio '16 — Senior Play
Senior Mid. Play — Class Book Board

BERNICE BOUTWELL — Andover, Mass.

Naturally rather quiet and retiring, Bernice has not let us know her as well as we should like, but this last year we have been catching glimpses of her nature that make us want to explore further. We have discovered some very clever wit, some remarkable good humor and an unruffled temper. As those who know her best say, "Bernice makes a splendid friend."

Odeon

MARY CHURCH — Cambridge, Mass.

Mary's popularity is based on many things but chief among them is her cheerful disposition expressed through her smile. For —

" 'Tis our wonder still
The whole of Mary's face
Her smile could fill."

She is one of our most enthusiastic devotees of athletics.

Class Vice-President '16 — President "A" Society
Student Council '17 — Senior Play
Vice-President Athletic Association '17
Basket Ball Team

ESTHER DAVIS — Bridgeport, Conn.

When one sees the list of achievements under "Chuck's" name there is no need to ask if she has done anything for Abbot. To give her greatest characteristic in a few words would be to say, "Smile and the world smiles with you."

A. C. A. Secretary '16 — Student Council '16
Fidelio '16, '17 — Glee Club '16, '17 (Leader)
Senior Mid. and Senior Plays — Hockey Team '16
Basket Ball Team — "A" Society

JANET DAVIS — Altoona, Pa.

Janet is one of the most distinguished members of the class in that she is the Class Baby and comes from Altoona. Her remarkable good nature and ability to take any amount of teasing shows by the number of friends which she has made at Abbot.

Student Council '16 — Fidelio '16
Senior Mid. Play — Class Treasurer '17
Northfield Delegate

MARGUERITE DUNAWAY — Virginia, Ill.

Marguerite came to Abbot in time to join us in our Senior Middle Year. At first we found her hard to get acquainted with but when we saw her at Intervale as she really is, jolly, full of fun, loving a joke, then it was that we reached our decision that she is one of the best sports in the class. In writing of "Margo" it would not be right to neglect to speak of her musical ability which she herself is too modest ever to mention.

Fidelio '16, '17

DORIS EMERY — Newport, Vt.

If you ever are feeling "blue" and want to be cheered go to "Dick." It is guaranteed that you will be laughing within two minutes, either at some of her clever remarks or at her Chinese jabber. She uses this on all occasions and since taking it up in her spare minutes she has become the star Chinese pupil of the school. "Dick" says she is lazy but that is rather hard to agree to when you really know her.

Class Secretary '16, '17 Odeon '16, '17 (President)
Class Book Board

FRANCES GERE — SYRACUSE, N. Y.

There is a girl in our class
Who lives in "58".
She is a very wise lass
And never has been late.

She studies with great earnestness,
Is fond of paint and art.
Our prize she won. We must confess
We think her very smart.

Senior Mid. Play — Class Book Board

MILDRED GILMORE
WELLESLEY HILLS, MASS.

Our always reliable "Gillie" whose fun is ever ready. To those who really know her she confesses a spark of hope for dramatics in the future, but we can say in a knowing way that some "Information" Bureau will desire her experience.

GERTRUDE GOSS — Melrose, Mass.

"Gertie" like Jane is always ready to eat but would also be willing to die for the good of Abbot's Athletics, of which she is our leader and of whose basketball record we are rightly proud. "Fiddle and I wandering by over the world together" well expresses her musical ability.

Fidelio '16, '17
Glee Club '16, '17
Hockey Team '16
Senior Mid. Play
Tennis Champion — Singles '16, '17; Doubles '17
Basket Ball Team '17
Student Council '17
A. A. President '17
"A" Society
Northfield Delegate

ELIZABETH GRAVES — New London, Conn.

Betty came to us this year having a great desire to go to college in the fall. Her spare time is devoted to "bugology," along which lines we are sure she will distinguish herself some day. She is rather critical, demanding a reason for everything, but nevertheless easily adapts herself to all circumstances.

SALLY HUMASON New Britain, Conn.

"Though she dislikes math." we can readily call her a lover of poetry, dogs and tennis. In the latter Sally excels, as was proven when she stayed in the tournament until the finals. In one short year here she has done much for the school through her work along literary lines and was almost at once awarded a place on the Courant.

Courant Board

ESTHER HUNGERFORD New Milford, Conn.

She is the busiest little person in the Class and we couldn't keep up without her; though you have to admit that it is almost as difficult to keep up with her. Wherever "Hunkie" is can be heard the well known giggle and there one is sure to find fun waiting for her.

Fidelio '16, '17 Glee Club '17

A. A. A. Treasurer '17

RUTH JACKSON — Malden, Mass.

Ruth, who has been here since our class was organized in our Junior year is our good standby. She starts our songs for us when we lack a piano, in fact she is our prima donna. Walking about with much dignity and poise as a usual thing, when she sets out for a good time — Oh! My! Ruth doesn't think she would like to go on the stage permanently, although she has tried it here.

Student Council '16, '17
Courant '16, '17
Fidelio '16, '17
Senior Mid. Play
Senior Play
Glee Club '16, '17

ALICE LITTLEFIELD — Peabody, Mass.

Though she appears rather quiet, Alice is hardly that when one knows her. Her artistic sense is undoubted and she longs for a career along that line; however we hear that her Castle in Spain is already awaiting her.

Senior Mid. Play
Fidelio '16
Class Book Board

EDITH MARSDEN — LAWRENCE, MASS.

1917 boasts that it is thoroughly well balanced. That would not be true if it were not for our responsible and conscientious Edith. She is one of our many girls from Massachusetts and also one of our few college seniors. The goal of her ambition is to enter Mount Holyoke in the fall.

HARRIET MURDOCK — MERIDEN, CONN.

"Murdy" is one of the founders of 1917 and as loyal to her class and school as she is tall and fair. She is another of our gigglers — in fact without a giggle it wouldn't be Harriet. We can wish her nothing better than as successful a life at Smith as she has had at Abbot.

Fidelio '16 — A. A. A. Secretary '17

CORNELIA NEWCOMB New London, Conn.

"When she was good she was very, very good, and when she was bad she was horrid." We thought that applied to "Connie" but upon investigation it was discovered that no one had ever seen her bad, in fact no one had ever heard of her being anything but very, very, good, so, in reading, kindly omit the last line.

Fidelio '16, '17 Senior Mid. Play
A. C. A. Treasurer '17

DOROTHY NEWTON Andover, Mass.

"Dot" is another of the organizers of our glorious class. Her most noticeable characteristics are her constantly solemn expression and her unexpected witty remarks. Her chief aversion is being a teacher in a boarding school.

Fidelio '16

RACHEL OLMSTEAD W. Brookfield, Mass.

Her smile and good nature go a long way toward making her an agreeable member of our class. Though not athletic, no one likes a better time than "Rae." She is always in a hurry but finds time to do many things besides her school work.

Senior Mid. Play — Class President '16
A. C. A. President '17 — Student Council '17
Northfield Delegate

CORNELIA SARGENT Lawrence, Mass.

"Connie", bubbling over with enthusiasm, comes each day desirous of learning all she can in "Psych." They say she is a high jumper and we know she can dance. If there is any excitement going on Connie is sure to be there.

Fidelio '16 — Senior Mid. Play
Senior Play

DOROTHY SMALL — Nantucket, Mass.

"Dot" started out as a college senior but changed and decided to graduate with the Academic class. We are proud of the success which our only islander has made at school and we know that next year her cheery face, with the well-known dimples, will be greatly missed at Abbot.

Senior Mid. Play — Fidelio '16
Class Treasurer '16 — Class Book Board
Northfield Delegate

MARJORIE SMITHWICK — Lexington, Mass.

We wish "Marj" had been with us longer so that we might know her better: as it is she joined us in our Senior year She is a good conversationalist in French although she manages to express her thoughts in fluent English.

Senior Play

ANTOINETTE STONE — Ilion, N. Y.

"Tony" left us in our Senior-Mid year to warm herself in the sun of Florida but she came back this year to continue her way toward college — the end for which she is striving. She carries herself with great importance for one so small of stature.

HILDA TEMPLE — Andover, Mass.

Usually Hilda is quiet but, when once started, how she does talk! While reading "Psych." she likes to have her pet dictionary beside her, but if that is missing any of the girls will do as well. That Hilda was meant for a first-class gardener is shown by the splendid care she takes of her plants in the Senior Day Scholars' room.

Fidelio '16 — Senior Mid. Play

MARY WUICHET — Dayton, Ohio

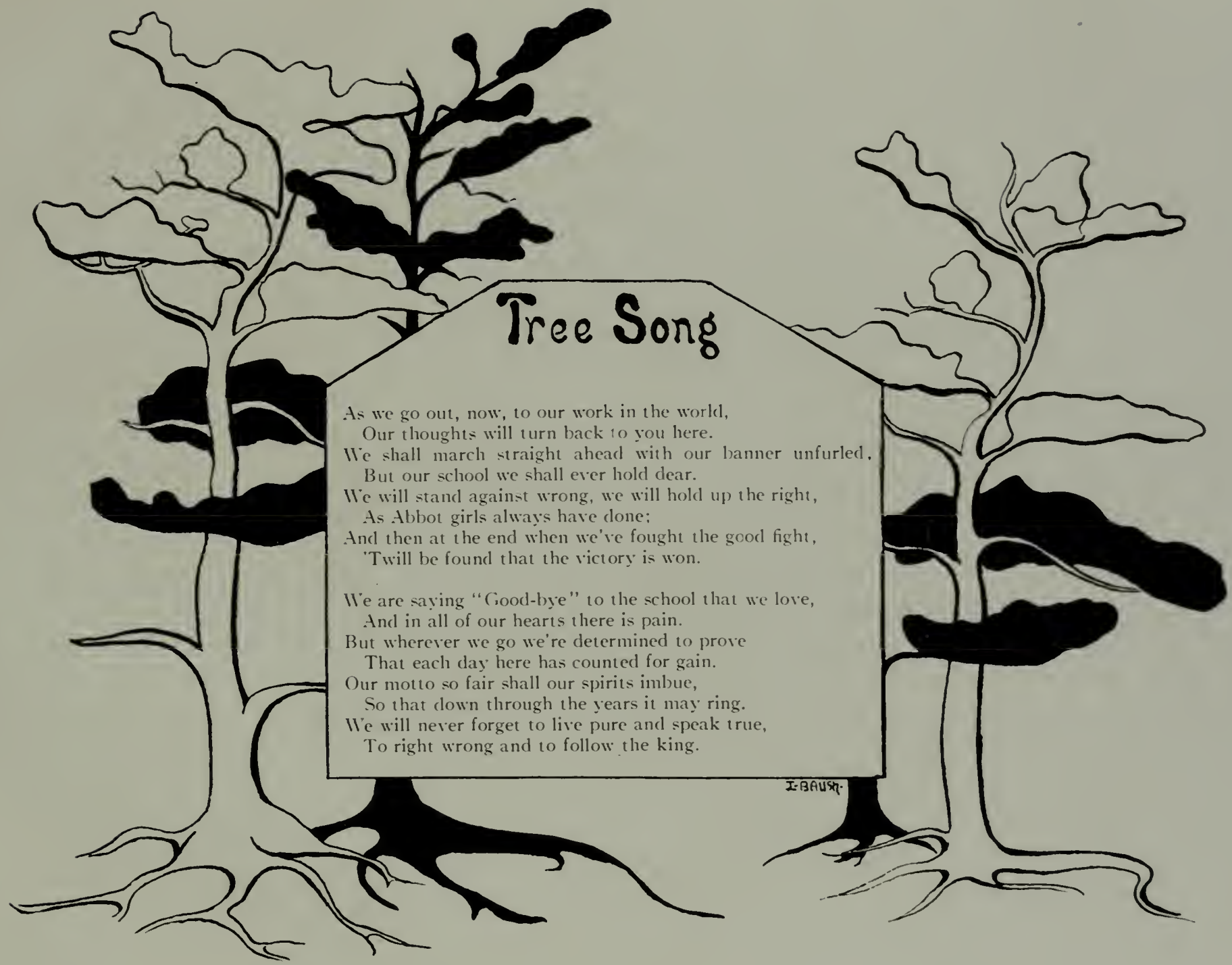
Mary can expound philosophy when the rest of the class is exhausted. She works quietly and serenely and is rewarded with a place on the honor roll. If there is work to be done you can depend upon Mary to do it well.

Senior Mid. Play

CATHARINE YEAKLE — Norristown, Pa.

Lean and lanky "K" whose love for dancing is only surpassed by her ability in that line. Farthest from her mind are athletics, yet she is one of the best sports in the school. Though dearly loving a good time "K" decidedly has an opposite side to her character making her, in all, the kind of girl Abbot would like to see more of.

Fidelio '16 — Senior Mid. Play
Senior Play — Class President '16
Class Vice-President '17 — Student Council '17
Class Book Board



Tree Song

As we go out, now, to our work in the world,
  Our thoughts will turn back to you here.
We shall march straight ahead with our banner unfurled,
  But our school we shall ever hold dear.
We will stand against wrong, we will hold up the right,
  As Abbot girls always have done;
And then at the end when we've fought the good fight,
  'Twill be found that the victory is won.

We are saying "Good-bye" to the school that we love,
  And in all of our hearts there is pain.
But wherever we go we're determined to prove
  That each day here has counted for gain.
Our motto so fair shall our spirits imbue,
  So that down through the years it may ring.
We will never forget to live pure and speak true,
  To right wrong and to follow the king.

Drama of the Class of 1917

(Apologies to Bliss Perry)

EXPOSITION

We came together in 1913 as "preps". Few of us now in the class can look back at that time.

EXCITING MOMENT

In our Junior year we were the first class ever to be organized as a class before the Senior-middle year. Of this we are properly proud.

RISING MOVEMENT

a) Junior-middle year

1. We chose our glorious motto. "Live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow the king."
2. Our class picnic and sleighride.

b) Senior-middle year

1. Our class spirit grew and our numbers grew.
2. We started out with a picnic at Pomp's Pond.
3. We gave our play, "The Primrose Path."
4. For the first time we were allowed to go to the Senior Promenade and the dance given by the trustees.
5. The glorious Senior-mid banquet was held.

c) Senior year

1. The privileges of the senior parlor were ours.
2. The year was started with a jolly picnic at Haggett's Pond.
3. Small, but of great significance, were our class rings.
5. As Seniors we gave our Senior "Prom".

Glorious Moment

4. The long-looked-forward-to trip to Intervale arrives, crowded full of out-door sport, fireplace fun, and jolly spirits.
6. The great event of our senior play, "The Ladies' Battle".

Climax

Our Senior banquet — the height of our life as a class.

Denouement

Commencement! The glories of commencement week after final examinations were ours — Baccalaureate; Draper Reading; Musicale; Graduation!

Such is the rise and glory of the Class of '17.

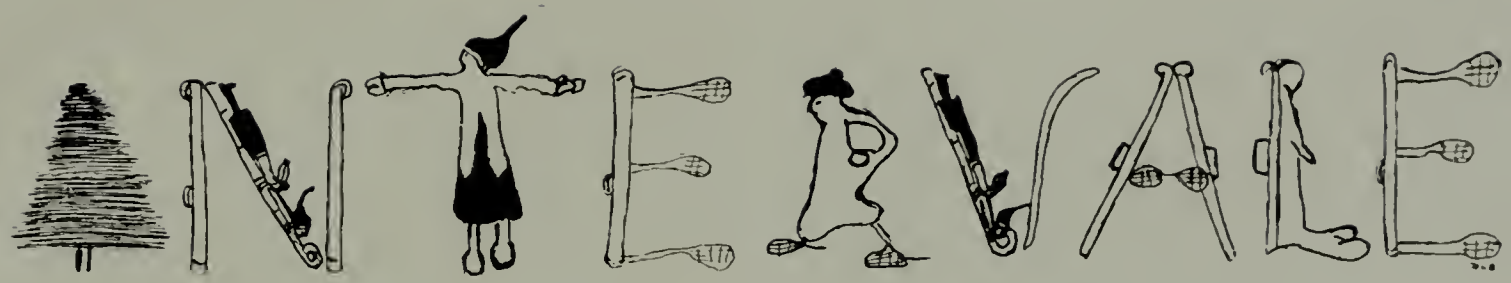
Carita Bigelow

The Class Song

Tune — *Drink to me only with Thine Eyes*

Here's to the good old Senior Class,
  The class of seventeen.
Our loyalty will always last,
  Forever true and keen.
And strive we will
  In hope that still
Our motto clear will ring,
  "Live pure, speak true, and right the wrong,
And follow the king."

INTERVALE
I. BAUSH.



There is nothing which gives a Senior quite so many thrills as the last few exciting moments before setting off for that snowbound village in the New Hampshire hills. We pile into the sleigh much besmothered in fur coats and happy way down to the tips of our toes. We are down the hill and scrambling onto the platform in an incredibly short time. The train steams into the station, pulling a private coach after it. We clamber in and spread ourselves out its full length.

At Haverhill Mr. Bassett gets aboard, and what a jolly, joking man he is! Before the end of the ride he has us all named and labeled and fed with cookies, bananas and chocolate, until we feel as though we were at a county fair.

As we near our journey's end, the mountains loom up on either side, all glittering in their white coats, their rugged sides enveloped in clouds of purple mist. Finally the train pulls up to the little station and we jump out and into a barge and off we go ploughing our way through the snow to the hotel where a warm welcome is waiting for us. In less than no time we pull out our sweaters, caps and wooly gloves to try our luck at skiing on the slippery hill outside the door. Our dignified Betty seizes a bicycle on runners and makes a grand sweep down the hill, her coat-tails flying. After a triumphant ride she comes puffing up the hill to tell us what fun it is. We try it, but some of us arise from a snowbank not so triumphant as Betty. Chuck and Mary have a scheme of placing two skis together and sitting on them with "Hunkie" on behind as ballast. At length Jane interrupts us by saying, "There goes the supper bell. I speak for the tenderloin."

After supper some hunt their knitting and sink into chairs too tired to utter a sound. A few, not content with indoor sports, put on their "woolies" and go out into the moonlight to try the toboggan chute. They come back later, spattered with snow, and thrilled with the sensation of speeding down the frozen chute into the great unknown. After a few songs and a long cheer for Mr. Bassett we go to bed. Some of us have a little trouble in finding our right clothes. They seem to have mysteriously disappeared and when found have a very queer way of resisting all attempts to get into them. It can't be they are sewed together! After laboriously ripping stitches we give a sigh of relief and plunge into our beds to strike crumbs, toothpicks, hair-brushes, even wet sponges. Who could have been so cruel!

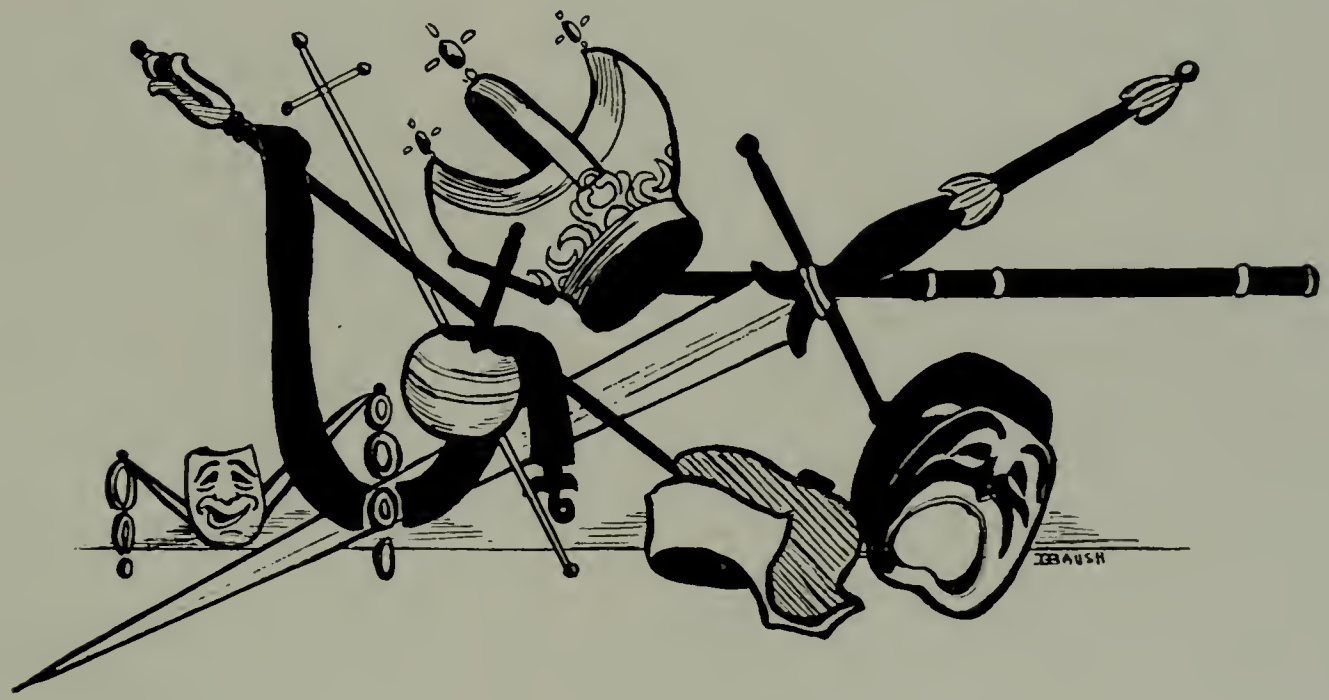
The next day dawns beautifully clear and crisp and as we descend to the breakfast table sighs and groans escape as each one puts her foot on the stair and feels her muscles give a twinge of pain. Mr. Bassett greets us with a plan of a bacon bat in the woods and a climb of Mt. Surprise. We enthusiastically accept his invitation, hiding the thought of our weary, aching legs.

So we take a long, up-hill tramp on snowshoes through Cathedral Woods to a clearing some two miles distant where Rex, Mr. Bassett's right-hand man, has started a fire, and the coffee-pot is boiling. Nothing could taste so delicious as that picnic in the snow, with the green pine trees the only onlookers. After the fire is beaten out, we continue our climb toward the mountain-top, a few deserters having turned back toward the village. Our snowshoes finally become useless and we climb with difficulty, our hands pawing the snow in front of us and our feet slipping at every step. Finally at the summit we stand upright and look about us in wonder at the peaceful, green pine trees below and the mountain peaks rising on every side. After a brief rest we make the descent and commence our trail back to habitation and a warm supper. We are a tired but very happy crowd that tumble into bed that night, to dream of another whole day of just such fun.

The next day is filled with all sorts of sports. The long sleighride in the afternoon through country lovely in its winter dress is one long to be remembered by us all.

The following morning we don the clothes of civilization and before we know it are whisked off to the station, thinking with regret that our four short days at Intervale are over.

Dramatics



SYNOPSIS

Judith Harrison, ward of Mr. Philip Barnard, discovers that her fortune has been lost through bad investments when she was a child. Appalled by the idea of spending somebody else's money, she determines to go out into the world and work. Before going she stops to bid farewell to the photograph of Robert Withington. She felt that at least *he* would understand. But would he? In a flash of doubt she slams the photograph on the floor. As she leaves a note on her guardian's desk, she is caught in the act by Bill, Mr. Barnard's nephew, who, seeing the broken picture on the floor, thinks there has been a lovers' quarrel. With a view to his own ends he offers his services. They rush off to the station in his car.

Mr. Barnard and Bob have just succeeded in getting back Judy's fortune. They are congratulating each other on their success when Mr. Barnard finds Judy's note. Excitement reigns. The maids are summoned. Police and papers are called up. A $5000 reward is offered for Judy's return. In the midst of this, Bill rushes in dragging a breathless Judy behind him. They have returned because of an accident. Judy then learns that it is not for her own sake alone that she is so dear to Mr. Barnard but for the memory of her mother. Then Bill brings forth a newspaper and demands his $5000 reward for rescuing Miss Judith Harrison, ward of Mr. Philip Barnard. Bob gets the ward and Bill the reward.

"His Uncle's Ward"

By Lucy R. Atwood

CHARACTERS

Mr. Barnard	Margaret Morris
Bill, his nephew	Ruth Hathaway
Robert Withington, a young lawyer	Natalie Weed
Judith Harrison, ward of Mr. Barnard	
Bridget, Mary — Servants of Mr. Barnard	Betty Holmes, Louise Stilwell, Katherine Tougas

"Cupid's Columns"

By Bernice P. Boutwell

CAST

Jack Brown	Marian McPherson
Leila, his sister	Harriet Shongood
Betty	Cornelia Sargent
Julia	Mildred Frost
Jane	Gwendolyn Brooks
Ruth	Dorothea Clark
Miss Judson (Teachers)	Ruth Jackson
Miss Allen (Teachers)	Marjorie Smithwick
Maid	Cora Erickson

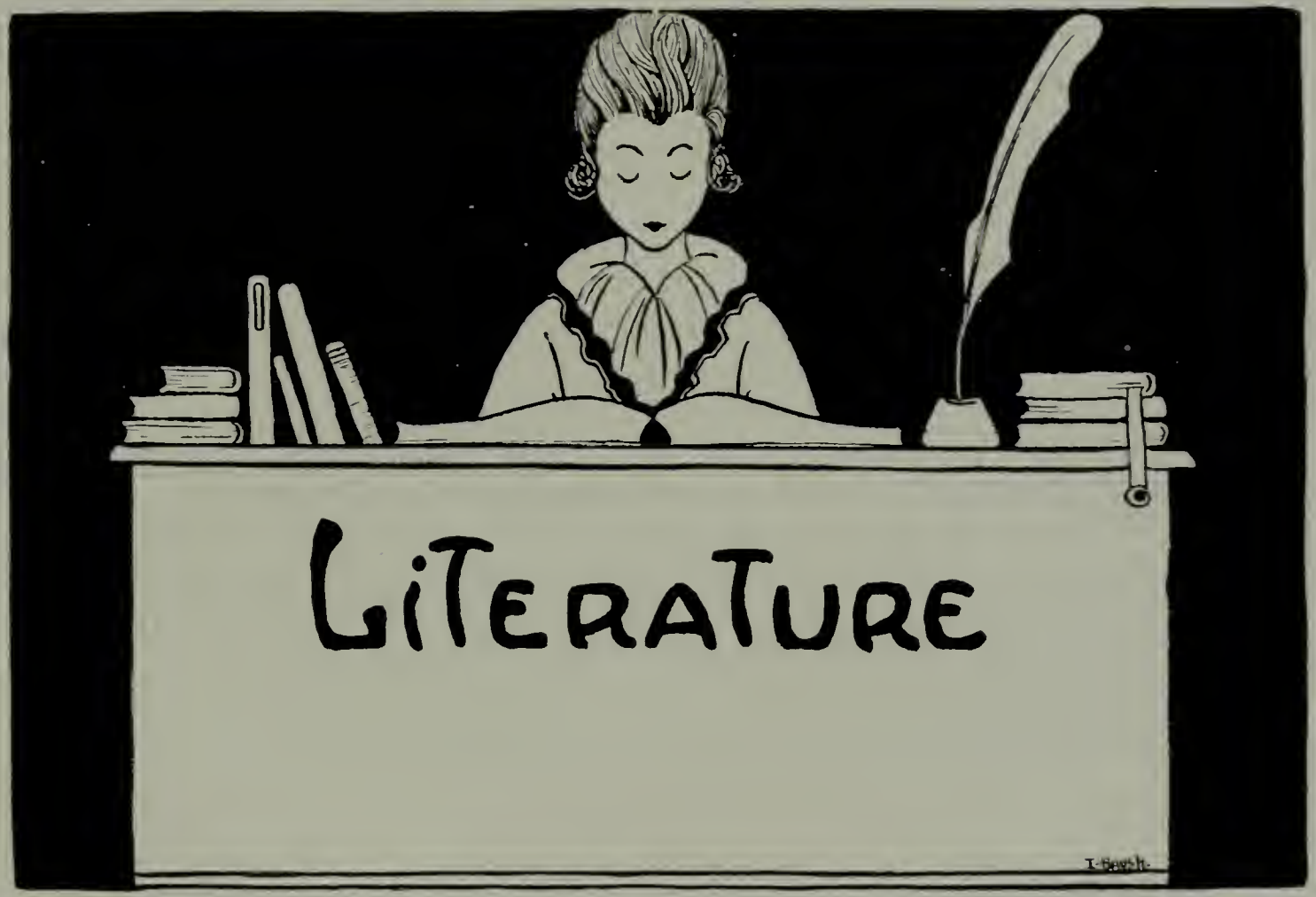
SYNOPSIS

Leila, a student at Baldwin Hill Boarding School, answers, on a dare, one of the advertisements in *Cupid's Columns*, a paper published for the lovelorn. The girls wait excitedly, for a reply from the artist whose letter she answered. She is rather startled to learn, one day, that a gentleman is waiting for her in the lobby. He introduces himself as the artist and he puts his case so ardently before her that she, in desperation, threatens to scream, whereupon he reveals himself as her brother, to whom she had showed the secret in a letter. She no sooner gets him safely out of the house than she receives a letter from the true artist who tells her he has found a "life partner" and that they are living happily in a "little bungalow". Leila confesses that the joke has somehow turned upon her, and with her resolution to abolish such pranks in the future, she and the other girls arrange for a "good time" that evening.

Senior Play

"The Ladies' Battle"

Baron de Montrichard	Esther Davis
Countess d' Autreval	Ruth Jackson
Leonie de la Villegontier	Cornelia Sargent
Henri de Flavigneul	Carita Bigelow
Gustave de Grignon	Mary Church
Servant	Harriet Balfe
Officer of Dragoons	Elizabeth Bacon
Dragoons	Marjorie Smithwick Catharine Yeakle


LITERATURE

CLASS BOOK BOARD

Marion McPherson
Assistant Business Manager

Alice Littlefield
Art Editor

Catharine Yeakle
Business Manager

Carita Bigelow
Literary Editor

Doris Emery
Literary Editor

Elizabeth Bacon
Editor-in-Chief

Frances Gere
Art Editor

Dorothy Baxter
Literary Editor

COURANT BOARD

Literary Editors

Lucy Atwood
Sally Humason

Mary Bartlett
Elizabeth Holmes

Business Editors

Ruth Jackson
Martha Grace Miller
Catherine Greenough

ODEON

Bernice Boutwell Louise Stillwell Helen French Julie Sherman
Virginia Vincent Katherine Pinckney Doris Emery (*Pres.*) Margaret Van Voorhies
Elizabeth Doolin Louise Bacon

MUSIC

GLEE CLUB

ESTHER DAVIS, *Leader*

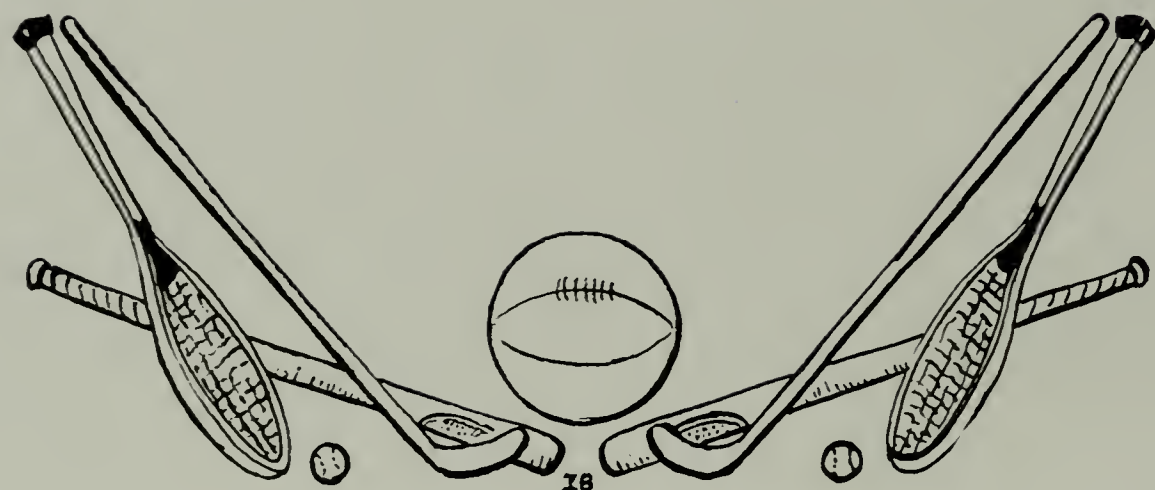
G. Cowan	L. Gaudreaux	R. Jackson	K. Coe	V. McCauley
R. Farrington	E. Hungerford	J. Abbe	E. Davis	H. Balfe
	G. Goss	D. Williams	E. Milliken	

FIDELIO

HARRIET BALFE, *President*

L. Gaudreaux	M. Van Voorhies	M. Bartlett	J. Abbe	K. Coe
M. Dunaway	R. Jackson	E. Hungerford	H. Balfe	M. Arey
K. Cooper	V. McCauley	C. Newcomb	G. Goss	L. Bacon
	G. Cowan	K. Tougas	E. Van Arsdale	

ATHLETICS



ABBOT ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

GERTRUDE GOSS, *President*
MARY CHURCH, *Vice-President*
HARRIET MURDOCK, *Secretary*
ESTHER HUNGERFORD, *Treasurer*

BASKETBALL TEAM

Esther Davis Helen Vedder

Dorothy Fairfield Julie Sherman Gertrude Goss (*Capt.*) Mary Church

"A" SOCIETY

Dorothy Fairfield Margaret Mitchel Gertrude Goss
Esther Davis Helen Vedder
Julie Sherman Mary Church (*Pres.*) Harriet Balfe

ABBOT CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

Rachel Olmstead	*President*	Clarissa Horton	*Secretary*
Charlotte Flemming	*Vice-President*	Cornelia Newcomb	*Treasurer*

REPRESENTATIVE COMMITTEE OF STUDENT GOVERNMENT

Rachel Olmstead Catharine Yeakle Elizabeth Bacon (*Pres.*)

Clarissa Horton Gertrude Goss

Mary Church Marion Chandler Charlotte Fleming Jane Prescott

Grinds.
I-Bausch.

The Adventures of an Abbot Girl in the Wide, Wide World

We had better explain, before we begin this story, that Miss X, the heroine, was an extremely absent-minded young lady. The habits of years leave their stamp on everyone, but the effect upon a person whose mind is always somewhere else, is often rather startling.

Miss X arrived at the Blank Hotel three days after graduation. Her name appeared upon the register as follows: Ruth X, 5:14.

That 5:14 puzzled the desk clerk. He couldn't make it out. Neither could anyone else. Every clerk and bellboy in the establishment tried in vain to fathom the mystery. Finally some one ventured the information that it was the 5:14 train from the city that Miss X had come in on. That might be a partial explanation but it looked somehow suspicious. It would be best to keep a watchful eye upon Miss X.

That matter of the register was, however, the first of a series of queer actions on the part of Miss X.

As the hotel was full, she was placed at the table with some strangers, a family named Alwaysproper. The first night at dinner she astonished them by mutely handing her butter-plate to her left-hand neighbor as if expecting something. Later she did the same thing with her water-glass. Just what she wanted they couldn't quite make out, but they refrained from any remarks. She astonished them further that afternoon by calling loudly down the hall:

"Save me a tub, please," to Miss Alwaysproper who was crossing the hall to her sister's room, clad in a dressing gown.

Miss X's conduct after dinner was very eccentric, to say the least. She was sitting quietly in a corner when the bellboy came in to page her. The instant her name was called she sprang to her feet and said, "Prepared." The remark seemed to have no bearing whatsoever on the accompanying circumstances.

Bells had a queer effect upon her from the first. She would get to her feet and saunter out of the room every time a bell rang and if another one chanced to ring while she was still within earshot she would jump perceptibly and then make a mad dash for her room. Before long she would reappear (always after the sound of a bell) and then the whole performance would be repeated.

The most startling occurrence happened at about 11.30 of the first night. Some angry person on the second floor rang loudly and repeatedly for icewater. About one minute after the bell ceased ringing the night clerk was astonished by the appearance of Miss X, clad in a heavy coat and some high unlaced tramping-shoes, with her hair done up in a remarkable array of curl-papers. In her hand she carried what appeared to be a black leather jewel case. Upon being questioned she murmured something inarticulate about fires or drills and went back to bed.

It was what happened in the dining-room, however, that turned the Alwaysproper family against her for once and for all. She finished breakfast before anyone else and started to leave the room, and as she reached the door she turned and bowed and smiled at the table in the right-hand corner. The table happened to be occupied by three young men friends of the Alwaysproper, who couldn't possible know this strange creature, and thereafter the Alwaysproper were distinctly frigid.

Several days after her arrival one of the men brought up a bag which bore Miss X's name and which he had found in the basement. The bag contained some soiled clothes. On Monday morning Miss X had put all her laundry in the bag, tied it up and dropped it down the elevator shaft on her way downstairs.

When the day arrived for her departure the clerks were simply bombarded with questions.

"When was the ticket man coming?"

"Where was the chart to sign up for trains?"

"When were the trunks coming up?"

"When were they to be checked?"

"What time would the check man be at her corridor?"

After much patience and careful explanation she was at last persuaded that there was a railway station where she bought her own ticket, that she could take any train she wished without going through the mysterious process of "signing up", that she could procure a taxi at the carriage door without first buying a little yellow ticket, that if she wished her trunk to be sent it was necessary to do more than write "Ready" on the top of it, and finally that the hotel was not expected to furnish a chaperone to conduct her safely to the city.

As we said before, Miss X was exceptionally absent-minded, but the habits of years are always hard to overcome.

Rheumatic Depression

(Inspired by Lost Chord)

Seated one day at the organ
  Over in Davis Hall,
When I turned and saw down below me
  A sight which most made me fall.
I did not know what they were doing
  Nor what they were trying to do,
'Twas a riot of beautiful color
  Yellow and rose and blue.
They flooded the hall with their brilliance,
  Those nymphs besporting themselves.
Their feet pattered around beneath me
  Like the dancing of light fairy elves.
It caused them great pain and sorrow,
  Like love overcoming strife.
It seemed a discordant effort
  In our harmonious life.
They thought they were bears and sea nymphs
  Playing beneath the sea.
The agony of their contortions
  Was far too painful to me.
"What is it?" I cried in amazement.
  They gazed in surprise at me,
"Why this is rheumatic depression,
  We are trying less conscious to be."

M. Bartlett: "Udall wrote an interlude called 'The Three Peas'."

H. Leaycroft: "What proposition are you doing?"
R. H–th–w–y: "I'm prop–ing this-position."

Young Smart Alec at Prom uses questionable word: "Can't I get away with that at Abbot?"
Judy: "Oh, yes, you can get away with it, but you can't come back."

Kizzie: "What is the name of that book of Kipling's, *The Eyes That Saw?*"
Miss King: "Do you mean *The Light That Failed?*"

R. H.: "What's everybody laughing at me for?"
Miss Aldred: "They can't help it."
R. H.: "I don't think there's much to see."
Miss Aldred: "They don't know that until they turn around."

Miss King (*at table*): "What is the favorite dish of the English officers?"
Awful Silence. "Why, Zeppelins on toast."
V. McC–ley: "Is that a kind of fish?"

Janet: "When I took music lessons I used to spend hours practising the 'archipelago'."

Balfie (*pointing to the memorial tablets in the picture of the floor of San Miniato*): "Miss Ho-y, what are those little closets in the floor for?"

Miss B.: "What is a prodigal son?"
M. Church: "One who runs away."

Miss B. (*in Ethics*): "What would be the objection to a person getting up in the middle of the night and screaming at the top of her lungs?"
Sophia: "She might catch cold."

Class Prophecy

It was a cold, rainy afternoon in October, 1927. I gazed disconsolately out of my window and longed for amusement. An insistent ring of the door-bell startled me. The voice which called "Yes?" down the speaking-tube couldn't have vibrated with cordiality, but a never-to-be-forgotten voice answered, "It's — no, I'll give you three guesses."

"Betty Bacon! as if I needed them! Come right straight up here!" I flew out to meet her and it was several minutes later that I had regained enough composure to ask how she happened to be there.

"Now tell me everything you know about the rest of 1917," she said, when she had explained about her work as a scupltor's model to my entire satisfaction.

"I don't know very much, but here's all the information I have," I answered, taking my letter-box out of my desk and opening it.

The first letter was from Connie Sargent. It was chiefly a treatise on her newest psychological discovery. At the end she said, "My time is very full, as I hope to get the revised edition of *Psychology and Ethics, and Their Relation to Each Other* into the publisher's hands this month."

The second was from Mildred Gilmore and a snapshot of her just before she struck the water in her famous "Baby Doll" dive, dropped out. She signed herself "Annette Kellerman Gilmore."

Then, Hunkie's latest outpouring was read. She was finishing her lifework in an asylum for deaf and dumb children. Poor Esther!

"Cornelia Newcomb!" cried Betty as we reached the end of the next letter. "It can't be!" Sherry's! The Tiger Dance! Oh, let's go over there to-night!"

"This, ladies and gentlemen, is the safety valve. No oil stove should be without it. They are a danger to the community without it. Also this patented ——" and so forth and so on. Bernice Boutwell is demonstrating oil stoves!

"Balfie's" letter from the Convent of St. Ursula was quite despondent in tone. "Anything would have been better than embroidering dresses for other people's babies, and perhaps I was hasty with William. Did you know that "K" had accepted the Social Etiquette chair at Abbot this year?"

"The last paragraph of Mary Church's letter from a small Illinois town, said: "My little flock claims all my attention. Writing sermons is the smallest part of my very busy life. I brought poor Alice Littlefield back to the fold a short time ago. I found her in Chicago studying art and she confessed she had not been to church for two Sundays."

Then came a pile of circulars. The first was from a well-known publishing company. It bore a picture of our Lucy, and said in part: "The fifteenth edition of Miss Atwood's novel, *Her Aunt's Stepson*, is now on sale. Also several new books from the same clever pen."

Under this was a picture of Carita and an exhortation to buy *Bigelow's Standard Encyclopaedia* at lowest possible rates."

Another circular announced the arrival in New York of Betty Graves, disciple of Billy Sunday. "Hear her in the tabernacle April 1st."

Then on a most artistic folder—"Rachel's, 1300 Fifth Avenue. We have an exclusive line of beltless, trimmingless gowns in all the neutral shades. Miss Olmstead will speak on dress reform Tuesday at three." A footnote said, "Go to Smithwick's, next door, for hats."

"Goss and Davis, Clairvoyant and Beauty Specialists," read the next circular. "We will make you beautiful and tell your fortune while you wait. Send for *In the Next World* by G. Goss and *My Beauty Secrets* by E. Davis."

The last of the circulars was simple, but in exceedingly good taste. It went something like this:— "All the new dances taught in ten lessons. Frances Gere (pupil of Mrs. Castle) furnishes music and partners for ladies and gentlemen. Entire course $100."

The next letter was postmarked Washington, D. C., and Marguerite's description of her impressions as the "Newest Senatress from Illinois" was delightful.

"O, did you know," Betty interrupted Margo's letter to ask, "that Miriam Bacon was running an agency at Williamstown providing Prom men for girls' boarding-schools? And

Janet. Of course she's still in Altoona. Married a coal dealer, I think, whose chief fascination was in possessing a dog which looked like Prince."

"No! But let me tell you. Sally Humason came to see me the other day and she brought half a dozen little Johns and Marys from the orphan asylum of which she is matron.

"I went up to see Chuck and Gert in the Beauty Parlors the other day and Gert said Chuck was too busy to see anybody. She was personally supervising a new massage which was being tried on Dot Baxter. While I was there Ruth Jackson came in selling 'Nutter's Cure-All,' a new patent medicine."

Mary Wuichet's letter came from Switzerland. She was making record climbs in the Alps, her first experience in mountain climbing having been so successful at Intervale. Edith Marsden and her brother she said were with her. Edith was making a reputation for herself as a most daring aviatrix. They had met Hilda Temple in Paris where she had taken over Paquin's and was making a great success of it.

Dorothy Newton reported great progress as physical director at Hotchkiss and said that Murdy had just been there with a company of jugglers. She could actually balance herself and a broomstick her own height at the same time. Also she wrote that Antoinette was teaching the principles of co-education at Syracuse.

We were still talking about our friends' fates when a motor horn roused us. We looked out of the window to see Dot Small stopping before the door in a little grey roadster. She had learned to drive a car in spite of being marooned on Nantucket! Dot had come to take Betty back to the studio where she was posing. so our gossipping was over for that day.

Doris Emery

Drama Libre

IN ONE ACT

PLACE — Concert in Davis Hall

CAST — Fifty stitches

Bag opens —

1st STITCH OF GREEN SCARF —

Do you know this is the first time I've been out of my bag since the last concert.

2nd STITCH OF AN EYE BANDAGE —

My dear, you've nothing on me; why, they find it impossible to match me, consequently I too have been lying idle.

3rd STITCH OF A PURPLE SWEATER —

I'd rather be lost to the world like you than to have what's going to happen to me Somebody named Green is moving in next door to me and I know we are going to fight, because the Green family and our family never did agree.

2nd STITCH OF EYE BANDAGE —

I'm going to the doctor's. I am as white as can be. Why, I've been worked even in recreation time.

3rd STITCH OF PURPLE SWEATER —

That's nothing. I'm going to get it in the neck; they're going to bind me off to-morrow.

1st STITCH OF GREEN SCARF —

I've turned three shades darker with jealousy. Here comes my rival now, Indigo Blue Stitch.

SOLO — Despair — by 1st blue stitch, accompanied by click of needles

I'm off the needle,
I've lost my place.
There's now no hope
I'm in disgrace.

I'll make a hole
Both big and round,
Then they'll be sorry
They let me down.

Enter 47 Stitches

CHORUS

We've all been in the self-same boat.
We're dropped and picked up often.
It seems as if as on we float
Sometimes their hearts must soften.

Music ceases
Bag closes

END

Togo

(With apologies to Hashimura Togo)

To editor of Abbot Class Book '17, famed journal for woman expression:—

Dearest Madam:—

Quite recently of yore, I accompanied with friend to interview Abbot Academy. While there I inspect young women of trackish bend of mind.

About four (4) o'clock they perambulate onto field with ladywise languor of movement, in ones and twos. At field they decline on ground with aptness to somersaults. After time has collapsed Hon. Conductor appear with whistle attached to mouth and start-away begins. First young women circumvent around field with long runny strides and then fall, with panting groan to ground. "I will require aid of physician for them!" I amputate, but Hon. Conductor sound bell and urge more. I stand amidst gasps! More runs with same extinguished effect at end.

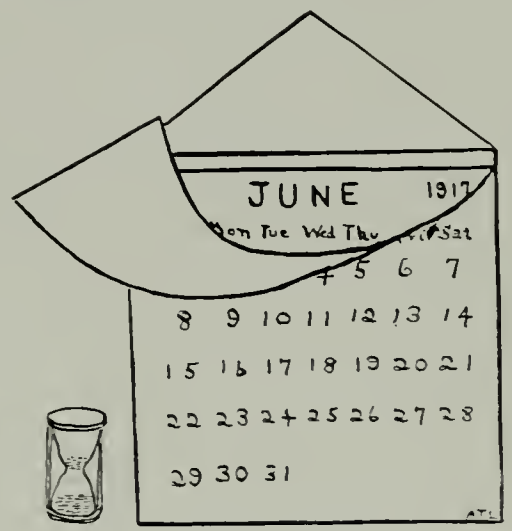
They then manipulate to other part of field with much animal jump and loudish yell, to partake of jumps. There, young women take extreme run and vault over sticks into gravelish patch which Hon. Conductor keep in confusion with rake implement. Other young women jump over gravel spot in ground which look like space of bald head. Sometimes young women fall with extremish bang to face, on ground, but Hon. Conductor assist them to alight and urge more.

I stand amidst gasps!

Hoping you are the same.

War Terms

Without Warning — When you overstay your leave of absence.
For the Sake of Humanity — No five o'clock study hour during the Spring term.
Triple Alliance — Miss Carson, Miss Elliot, Miss King.
Peace without Victory — Poor Bradford!
Border Trouble — Knit two, purl two.
Food Control — Censorship of Valentine boxes.
Universal Prohibition — When the bubbling fountain goes dry.
A Fleet of Raiders — The Proctors.
A Scrap of Paper — A call to Miss Bailey's office.
A Place in the Sun — The "A" Society.
Poison Gases — In the Chemistry lab.
The Blockade — Around the radiator after dinner.
Strict Accountability — When you don't show up for afternoon sports.
Interference of American Mail — Three times a day.
The Danger Zone — Phillips Street.



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